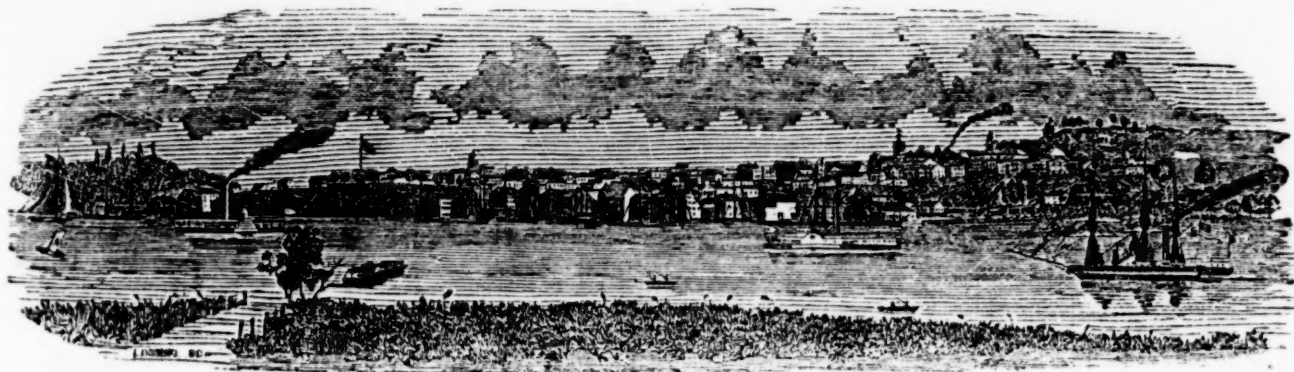


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

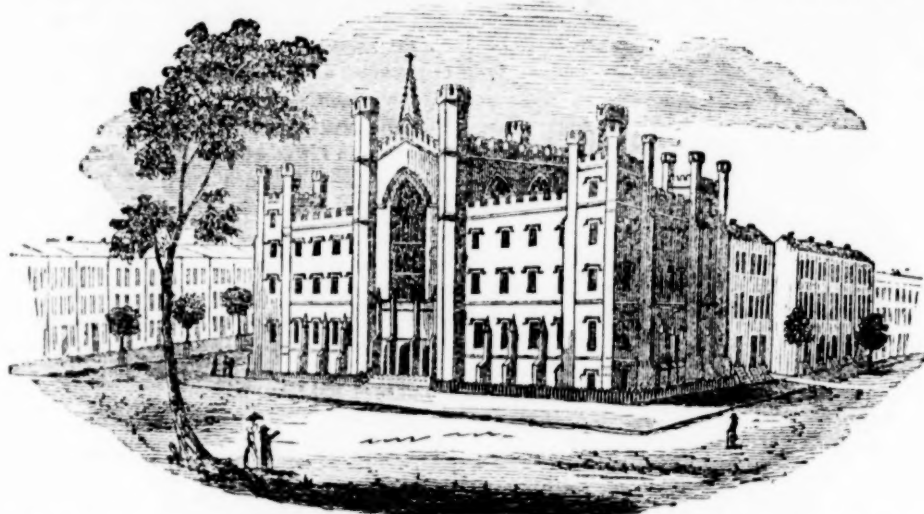
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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NUMBER 21.

UNIVERSITY OF THE CITY OF NEW-YORK.



This is one of the most splendid edifices in the city of New-York. It was completed in July, 1833. The artist has given a most accurate view in the accompanying engraving. It fronts the beautiful public park called Washington Square, where in the summer season, may be seen on a pleasant day, scores of little folks taking the air, and enjoying themselves. The architecture of the University is of that order called Gothic. I am not very much in love with this order myself; I think there are some pretty good reasons for not employing it, in the building of churches especially; but it is less objectionable on the score of taste in such a building as the University.

It is one hundred by one hundred and eighty feet on the ground. The two ends are gabled, and they and the sides are crowned with a parapet. The chapel is a most elegant room. It receives its principal light from a window in the west end, looking out upon Washington Square. This window is perhaps the most rich and elegant specimen of the kind in the United States. It is of stained glass, surmounted with an arch. It is twenty feet wide, and rises to the vast height of fifty feet.

The building is of white marble, or rather it was white once. Age makes sad havoc with white marble, and he seems to have been uncommonly busy

with this pile during the dozen years he has had a chance at the University. He is busy with every thing, in fact, and every body. He is at work with us, dear reader, though we may not perceive it; and he will leave the marks of his fingers upon us ere long.

TALES.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MAGIC PURSE;

OR

Leaves from the Portfolio of a Monomaniac.

BY J. GODFREY SHOEMAKER.

CHAPTER I.

In a little white and tastefully built cottage situated in a retired part of the city of New-York, there lived a very singular and strange old man, who he was, and what was his business, the inhabitants in the immediate vicinity had not the least knowledge. He was the great unsolved mystery of the city, sometimes he could be seen in the darkest of nights, with an air of egotistical vanity promenading the streets, dressed in an oriental garb; and then again at others, wandering about, having all his clothes so adjusted as to hide all the outlines of his form, dodging suspiciously from corner to corner. In this

manner the great oddity had conducted himself for twenty years. He was by birth a German, and by some unexplained misfortune had become a Monomaniac.

The following MSS. was found among his papers which is interesting and carries with it an instructive moral:—

"After a fortunate, but for me very troublesome voyage, we finally reached the port. The instant that I touched land in the boat, I loaded myself with my few effects, and passing through the swarming people, I entered the first, and least house, before which I saw a sign hang. I requested a room; the boots measured with a look, and conducted me into the garret. I caused fresh water to be brought, and made him exactly describe to me where I should find Don Carlos.

"Before the north-gate; the first country-house on the right hand; a large new house of red and white marble, with many columns."

"Good." It was still early in the day. I opened at once my bundle; took thence my new black cloth coat; clad myself cleanly in my best apparel; put my letter of introduction into my pocket, and set out on the way to the man who was to promote my modest expectations.

"When I had ascended the long North Street, and reached the gate, I soon saw the pillars glimmer through the foliage. 'Here it is then,' thought I. I wiped the dust from my feet with my pocket-handkerchief; put my neckcloth in order, and in God's name rung the bell. The door flew open.—In the hall I had an examination to undergo; the porter, however, permitted me to be announced, and I had the honor to be called into the park, where Don Carlos was walking with a select party. I recognised the man at once by the lustre of his corpulent self-complacency. He received me very well—as a rich man receives a poor devil—even turned towards me, without turning from the rest of the company, and took the offered letter from my hand. 'So, so, from my brother. I have heard nothing from him for a long time. But he is well? There,' continued he, addressing the company, without waiting for an answer, and pointing with the letter to a hill, 'there I am going to erect the new building.' He broke the seal without breaking off the conversation, which turned upon riches.

"He that is not master of a million at least," he observed, "is—pardon me the word—a wretch!"

"O! how true!" I exclaimed with a rush of overflowing feeling.

"That pleased him. He smiled at me, and said—'Stay here, my good friend; in a while I shall perhaps have time to tell you what I think about this.' He pointed to the letter which he then thrust into his pocket, and turned again to the company. He offered his arm to a young lady; the other gentlemen addressed themselves to other fair ones; each found what suited him; and all proceeded towards the rose-blossomed mount.

"I slid into the rear, without troubling any one, for no one troubled himself any further about me. The company was excessively lively; there was dalliance and playfulness; trifles were sometimes discussed with an important tone, but oftener important matters with levity; and especially pleasantly flew the wit over absent friends and their circumstances. I was too strange to understand much of all this; too anxious and introverted to take an interest in such riddles.

"We had reached the rosary. The lovely Fanny, the belle of the day, as it appeared, would out of obstinacy, herself break off a blooming bough. She wounded herself on a thorn, and as if from the dark roses, flowed the purple on her tender hand. This circumstance put the whole party into a flutter. English plaister was sought for. A still, thin, lanky, longish, oldish man, who stood near, and whom I had not hitherto remarked, put his hand instantly into the close-lying breast-pocket of his old French grey taffety coat; produced thence a little pocket-book; opened it; and presented to the lady, with a profound obeisance, the required article. She took it without noticing the giver, and without thanks; the wound was bound up; and we went forward over the hill, from whose back the company could enjoy the wide prospect over the green labyrinth of the park to the boundless ocean.

"The view was in reality vast and splendid. A light point appeared on the horizon between the dark flood, and the blue of the heaven. 'A telescope here!' cried Don Carlos; and already before the servants who appeared at the call, were in motion, the grey man, modestly bowing, had thrust his hand into his coat-pocket, and drawn thence one of Herschel's largest, and handed it to Don Carlos. Bringing it immediately to his eye, he informed the company that it was the ship which went out yesterday, and was detained in view of port by contrary winds. The telescope passed from hand to hand, but not again into that of its owner. I, however, gazed in wonder at the man, and could not conceive how the great machine had come out of the narrow pocket: but this seemed to have struck no one else, and nobody troubled himself any farther about the grey man than about myself.

"Refreshments were handed round; the choicest fruits of every zone, in the costliest vessels. Don Carlos did the honors with an easy grace, and a second time addressed a word to me. 'Help yourself; you have not had the like at sea.' I bowed, but he saw it not, he was already speaking with some one else.

"The company would fain have reclined upon the sward on the slope of the hill, opposite to the outstretched landscape, had they not feared the dampness of the earth. 'It were divine,' observed one of the party, 'had we but a Turkey carpet to

spread here.' The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the grey coat had his hand in his pocket, and was busied in drawing thence, with a modest and even humble deportment, a rich Turkey carpet interwoven with gold. The servants received it as a matter of course, and opened it on the required spot. The company without ceremony took their places upon it; for myself, I looked again in amazement on the man; at the carpet, which measured above twenty paces long and ten in breadth; and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think of it, especially as nobody saw anything extraordinary in it.

"I would fain have had some explanation regarding the man, and have asked who he was, but I knew not to whom to address myself, for I was almost more afraid of the gentlemen's servants than of the served gentlemen. At length I took courage and stepped up to a young man who appeared to me to be of less consideration than the rest, and who had often stood alone. I begged him softly to tell me who the agreeable man in the grey coat there was.

"He there, who looks like an end of thread that has escaped out of a tailor's needle!"

"Yes, he who stands alone."

"I don't know him," he replied, and as it seemed in order to avoid a longer conversation with me, he turned away, and spoke of indifferent matters to another.

"The sun began now to shine more powerfully, and to inconvenience the ladies. The lovely Fanny addressed carelessly to the grey man, whom as far as I am aware, no one had yet spoken to, the trifling question, 'Whether he had not, perchance, also a tent by him?'—He answered her by an obeisance most profound, as if an unmerited honor were done him, and had already his hand in his pocket, out of which I saw come canvass, poles, cordage, iron-work, in short, everything which belongs to the most splendid pleasure-tent. The young gentlemen helped to expand it, and it covered the whole extent of the carpet, and nobody found anything remarkable in it.

"I was already become uneasy, nay horrified at heart, but how completely so, as, at the very next wish expressed, I saw him yet pull out of his pocket three horses—I tell thee three beautiful great black horses, with saddle and caparison. Bethink thee! for God's sake!—three saddled horses, still out of the same pocket out of which already a pocket-book, a telescope, an embroidered carpet, twenty paces long and ten broad, a pleasure-tent of equal dimensions, and all the requisite poles and irons, had come forth! If I did not protest to thee that I saw it myself with my own eyes, thou couldst not possibly believe it.

"Embarrassed and obsequious as the man himself appeared to be, little as was the attention which had been bestowed upon him, yet to me his grisly aspect, from which I could not turn my eyes, became so fearful, that I could bear it no longer.

"I resolved to steal away from the company, which from the insignificant part I played in it seemed to me an easy affair. I proposed to myself to return to the city, to try my luck again on the morrow with Don Carlos, and if I could muster the necessary courage, to question him about the singular grey man. Had I only had the good fortune to escape so well!

"I had already actually succeeded in stealing through the rosary, and in descending the hill, found myself on a piece of lawn, when fearing to be en-

countered in crossing the grass out of the path, I cast an enquiring glance round me. What was my terror to behold the man in the grey coat behind me, and making towards me! In the next moment he took off his hat before me, and bowed so low as no one had ever yet done to me. There was no doubt but that he wished to address me, and without being rude, I could not prevent it. I also took off my hat; bowed also; and stood there in the sun with bare head as if rooted to the ground. I stared at him full of terror, and was like a bird which a serpent has fascinated. He himself appeared very much embarrassed. He raised not his eyes! again bowed repeatedly; drew nearer, and addressed me with a soft, tremulous voice, almost in a tone of supplication.

"May I hope, sir, that you will pardon my boldness in venturing in so unusual a manner to approach you, but I would ask a favor. Permit me most condescendingly—"

"But in God's name!" exclaimed I in my trepidation, 'what can I do for a man who—' we both started, and, as I believe, reddened.

"After a moment's silence, he again resumed: 'During the short time that I had the happiness to find myself near you, I have sir, many times—allow me to say it to you—really contemplated with inexpressible admiration, the beautiful, beautiful, shadow which, as it were, with a certain noble disdain, and without yourself remarking it, you cast from you in the sunshine. The noble shadow at you feet there. Pardon me the bold supposition, but possibly you might not be indisposed to make this shadow over to me.'

"I was silent, and a mill-wheel seemed to whirl round in my head. What was I to make of this singular proposition to sell my own shadow? He must be mad, thought I, and with an altered tone which was more assimilated to that of his own humility, I answered thus:

"Ha! ha! good friend, have not you then enough of your own shadow? I take this for a business of a very singular sort—"

"He hastily interrupted me;—'I have many things in my pocket which, sir, might not appear worthless to you, and for this inestimable shadow I hold the very highest price too small.'

"It struck cold through me again as I was reminded of the pocket. I knew not how I could have called him good friend. I resumed the conversation, and sought, if possible, to set all right again by excessive politeness.

"But, sir, pardon your most humble servant; I do not very well understand your meaning. How indeed could my shadow?—He interrupted me—"

"I beg your permission only here on the spot to be allowed to take up this noble shadow and put it in my pocket; how I shall do that be my care. On the other hand, as a testimony of my grateful acknowledgment to you, I give you the choice of all the treasures which I carry in my pocket—the genuine Spring-root, the Mandrake-root, the Change-penny, the Rob-dollar, the napkin of Roland's Page, a mandrakeman, at your own price. But these, probably don't interest you—rather Fortunatus's Wishing-cap newly and stoutly repaired, and a lucky-bag such as he had!"

"The Luck-purse of Fortunatus!" I exclaimed interrupting him; and great as my anxiety was, with that one word he had taken my whole mind captive. A dizziness seized me, and double ducats seemed to glitter before my eyes.

"Honored Sir, will you do me the favor to view, and to make trial of this purse?" He thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew out a tolerably large, well-sewed purse of stout Corduan leather, with two strong strings, and handed it to me. I plunged my hand into it, and drew out ten gold pieces, and again ten, and again ten, and again ten. I extended him eagerly my hand—"Agreed! the business is done; for the purse you have my shadow?"

"He closed with me; kneeled instantly down before me, and I beheld him, with an admirable dexterity, gently loosen my shadow from top to toe from the grass, lift it up, roll it together, fold it, and finally, pocket it. He arose, made me another obeisance, and retreated towards the rosary. I fancied that I heard him there softly laughing to himself; but I held the purse fast by the strings; all around me lay the clear sunshine, and within me was yet no power of reflection.

CHAPTER II.

"At length I came to myself, and hastened to quit the place where I had nothing more to expect. In the first place I filled my pockets with gold; then I secured the strings of the purse fast round my neck, and concealed the purse itself in my bosom. I passed unobserved out of the park, reached the highway and took the road to the city. As, sunk in thought, I approached the gate, I heard a cry behind me.

"Young gentleman! eh! young gentleman! hear you!"

"I looked round, an old woman called after me.

"Do take care, sir, you have lost your shadow!"

"Thank you, good mother!" I threw her a gold piece for her well-meant intelligence, and stopped under the trees.

"At the city gate I was compelled to hear again from the sentinel—"Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" And immediately again from some women—"Oh Mersey! the poor fellow has no shadow!" That began to irritate me, and I became especially careful not to walk in the sun. This could not, however, be accomplished every where, for instance, over the broad street which I next must approach actually, as mischief would have it, at the very moment that the boys came out of school. A cursed hunch-backed rogue, I see him yet, spied out instantly that I had no shadow. He proclaimed the fact with a loud outcry to the whole assembled literary street youth of the suburb, who began forthwith to criticise me, and to cry out. "Decent people take their shadow with them, when they go into the sunshine." To defend myself from them I threw whole handfuls of gold amongst them and sprang into a hackney-coach, which some compassionate soul procured for me.

"As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling carriage I began to weep bitterly. The presentiment already had arisen in my mind, that as far as gold on earth transcends in estimation, merit and virtue, so much higher than gold itself, is the less valued; and I had sacrificed conscience to wealth, I had now thrown away the shadow for mere gold. What in the world could and would become of me!—

I was again greatly annoyed as the carriage stopped before my old inn. I was horrified at the bare idea of entering that wretched cock-loft. I ordered my things to be brought down; received my miserable bundle with contempt, threw down some gold pieces, and ordered the coachman to drive to the most fashionable hotel. The house faced the north, and I had not the sun to fear. I

dismissed the driver with gold; caused the best front rooms to be assigned to me, and shut myself up in them as quickly as I could!

"I drew the unlucky purse from my bosom, and with a kind of desperation which, like a rushing conflagration, grew in me with self-increasing growth, I extracted gold, and gold, and even more gold, and strewed it on the floor, and strode amongst it, and made it ring again, and feeding my poor heart on the splendor and the sound, flung continually more metal to metal, till in my weariness, I sank down on the rich heap, and rioting thereon, rolled and revelled amongst it. So passed the day, the evening. I opened not my door; night and day found me lying on my gold, and then sleep overcame me.

In some hours I awoke. It appeared still to be very early. My watch stood. I was sore all over; thirsty and hungry too; I had taken nothing since the evening before. I pushed from me with loathing and indignation the gold on which I had before sated my foolish heart. In my vexation I knew not what I should do with it. It must not lie there. I tried whether the purse would swallow it again—but no! None of my windows opened upon the sea. I found myself compelled laboriously to drag it to a great cupboard which stood in a cabinet, and there to pile it. I left only some handfuls of it lying. When I had finished the work, I threw myself exhausted into an easy chair, and waited for the stirring of the people in the house. As soon as possible I ordered food to be brought, and the landlord to come to me.

"I fixed in consultation with this man the future arrangements of my house. He recommended for the services about my person a certain servant, whose honest and intelligent physiognomy immediately captivated me. He it was whose attachment has since accompanied me consolingly through the wretchedness of life, and has helped me to support my gloomy lot. I spent the whole day in my room among masterless servants, shoemakers, tailors, and tradespeople. I fitted myself out, and purchased besides a great many jewels and valuables for the sake of getting rid of some of the vast heap of hoarded up gold; but it seemed to me as if it were impossible to diminish it.

"In the mean time I brooded over my situation in the most agonizing despair. I dared not venture a step out of my doors, and at evening I caused forty wax-lights to be lit in my room before I issued from the shade. I thought with horror on the terrible scene with the school-boys, yet I resolved, much courage as it demanded, once more to make a trial of public opinion. The nights were then moon-light. Late in the evening I threw on a wide cloak, pressed my hat over my eyes, and stole, trembling like a criminal, out of the house. I stepped first out of the shade in whose protection I had arrived there, in a remote square, into the full moonlight, determined to learn my fate out of the mouths of the passers by.

"The women often testified the deepest compassion with which I inspired them, declarations which no less transpierced me than the mockery of the youth and the proud contempt of the men, especially of those fat, well-fed fellows, who themselves cast a broad shadow. A lovely and sweet girl, who, as it seemed, accompanied her parents, while these suspiciously only looked before their feet, turned by chance her flashing eyes upon me. She was obviously terrified; she observed my want of

a shadow, let fall her veil over her beautiful countenance, and dropping her head, passed in silence.

"I could bear it no longer. Briny streams started from my eyes, and cut to the heart, I staggered back into the shade, I was obliged to support myself against the houses to steady my steps, and wearily and late reached my dwelling.

"I spent a sleepless night. The next morning it was my first care to have the man in the grey coat every where sought after. Possibly I might succeed in finding him again, and how joyful! if he repented of the foolish bargain as heartily as I did. I ordered William my servant to come to me, he appeared to possess address and tact; I described to him exactly the man in whose possession lay a treasure without which my life was only a misery. I told him the time, the place in which I had seen him; I described to him all who had been present, and added, moreover, this token; he should particularly inquire after a Herschel's telescope, after a gold interwoven Turkish carpet; after a splendid pleasure tent; and, finally, after the black chargers, whose story, we knew not how, was connected with that of the mysterious man, who seemed of no consideration amongst them, and whose appearance had destroyed the quiet and happiness of my life.

"When I had done speaking I fetched out gold such a load that I was scarcely able to carry it, and laid upon it precious stones and jewels of a far greater value. 'William,' said I, 'these level many ways, and make easy many things which appeared quite impossible; don't be stingy with it as I am not, but go and rejoice thy master with the intelligence on which his only hope depends.'

"He went. He returned late and sorrowful. None of the people of Mr. Carlos, none of his guests, and he had spoken with all, were able in the remotest degree, to recollect the man in the grey coat. The new telescope was there, and no one knew whence it had come; the carpet, the tent were still there spread and pitched on the self same hill; the servants boasted of the affluence of their master, and no one knew whence these same valuables had come to him. He himself took his pleasure in them, and did not trouble himself because he did not know whence he had them. The young gentlemen had the horses, which they had ridden, in their stables, and they praised the liberality of Don Carlos who on that day made them a present of them. Thus much was clear from the circumstantial relation of William, whose active zeal and able proceeding, although with such fruitless results, received from me their merited commendation. I gloomily motioned him to leave me alone.

"'I have,' began he again, 'given my master an account of the matter which was most important to him. I have yet a message to deliver which a person gave me whom I met at the door as I went out on the business in which I have been so unfortunate. The very words of the man were these: 'Tell Mr. Frederick Barbarossa he will not see me here again as I am going over sea, and a favorable wind calls me at this moment to the harbor. But in a year and a day I will have the honor to seek him myself, and then to propose to him another and probably to him more agreeable transaction. Present my most humble compliments to him, and assure him of my thanks.' I asked him who he was, but he replied, 'your honor knew him already.'

"'What was the man's appearance?' cried I, filled with foreboding, and William sketched me

the man 'in the grey coat, trait by trait, word for word, as he accurately described in his former relation the man after whom he had inquired.

"'Unhappy one!' I exclaimed, wringing my hands—'that was the very man!' and there fell, as it were scales from his eyes.

"'Yes it was he, it was positively!' cried he in horror, 'and I, blind and imbecile wretch have not recognized him, and have betrayed my master!'

"He broke out into violent weeping; heaped the bitterest reproaches on himself, and the despair in which he was, inspired even me with compassion. I spoke comfort to him, assured him repeatedly that I entertained not the slightest doubt of his fidelity, and sent him instantly to the port, if possible to follow the traces of this singular man. But in the morning a great number of ships which the contrary winds had detained in the harbor, had run out, bound to different climes and different shores, and the grey man had vanished as tracelessly as a dream.

CHAPTER III.

"Of what avail are wings to him who is fast bound in iron fetters? He is compelled only the more fearfully to despair. I lay like Faffner by his treasure far from every consolation, suffering much in the midst of my gold. But my heart was not in it, on the contrary, I cursed it, because I saw myself through it cut off from all life. Brooding over my gloomy secret alone, I trembled before the meanest of my servants, whom at the same time I was forced to envy, for he had a shadow; he might show himself in the sun. I wore away days and nights in solitary sorrow in my chamber, and anguish gnawed at my heart.

"There was another who pined away before my eyes; my faithful William never ceased to torture himself with silent reproaches, that he had betrayed the trust reposed in him by his master, and had not recognized him after whom he was dispatched, and with whom he must believe that my sorrowful fate was intimately interwoven. I could not lay the fault to his charge; I recognized in the event the mysterious nature of the Unknown.

"That I might leave nothing untried, I one time sent William with a valuable brilliant ring to the most celebrated painter of the city, and begged that he would pay me a visit. He came. I ordered my people to retire, closed the door, seated myself by the man, and after I had praised his art, I came with a heavy heart to the business, causing him before that to promise the strictest secrecy.

"'Mr Professor,' said I, 'could not you, think you, paint a false shadow for one, who by the most unlucky chance in the world, has become deprived of his own?'—

"'You mean a personal shadow?'

"'That is precisely my meaning.'

"'But,' continued he, 'through what awkwardness, through what negligence could he then lose his proper shadow?'

"'How it happened,' replied I, 'is now of very little consequence, but thus far I may say,' added I lying shamelessly to him, 'in Russia, whither he made a journey last winter, in an extraordinary cold his shadow froze so fast to the ground that he could by no means loose it again.'

"'The false shadow that I could paint him,' replied the professor, 'would only be such a one as by the slightest agitation he might lose again, especially a person, who, as appears by your relation, has so little adhesion to his own native shadow.'

He who has no shadow, let him keep out of the sunshine, that is the safest and most sensible thing for him.' He arose and withdrew, casting at me a transpiercing glance which mine could not support. I sunk back in my seat, and covered my face with my hands.

"Thus William found me, as he at length entered. He saw the grief of his master, and was desirous silently and reverently to withdraw. I looked up, I lay under the burden of my trouble; I must communicate it.

"'William!' cried I, 'William thou only one who seest my affliction and respectest it, seekest not to pry into it, but appearest silently and kindly to sympathise, come to me, William, and be the nearest to my heart; I have not looked from thee the treasure of my gold, neither will I look from thee the treasure of my grief. William, forsake me not. William thou beholdest me rich, liberal, kind. Thou imaginest that the world ought to honor me, and thou seest me fly the world, and hide myself from it. William, the world has passed judgment, and cast me from it, and perhaps thou too wilt turn from me when thou knowest my fearful secret. William, I am rich, liberal, kind, but,—O God!—I have no shadow!'

"'No shadow!' cried the good youth with horror, and the bright tears gushed from his eyes. 'Woe is me, that I was born to serve a shadowless master!' He was silent, and I held my face buried in my hands.

"'William,' added I at length tremblingly—'now hast thou my confidence, and now canst thou betray it—go forth and testify against me.' He appeared to be in a heavy conflict with himself; at length, he flung himself before me, and seized my hand, which he bathed with his tears.

"'No!' exclaimed he, 'think the world as it will, I cannot and will not, on account of a shadow abandon my kind master; I will act justly, and not with policy. I will continue with you lend you my shadow, help you when I can, and when I cannot, weep with you.' I fell on his neck, astonished at such unusual sentiment, for I was convinced that he did it not for gold.

"From that time my fate and my mode of life were in some degree changed. It is indescribable how much William continued to conceal my defect. He was everywhere before me and with me; foreseeing everything, hitting on contrivances, and where danger threatened, covering me quickly with his shadow, since he was taller and bulkier than I. Thus I ventured myself again among men, and began to play a part in the world. I was obliged, it is true, to assume many peculiarities and humors, but such became the rich, and so long as the truth continued to be concealed, I enjoyed all the honor and respect which were paid to my wealth. I looked calmly forward to the promised visit of the mysterious unknown, at the end of the year and the day.

"I felt, indeed, that I must not remain longer in a place where I had once been seen without a shadow, and where I might easily be betrayed. Perhaps I yet thought too much of the manner in which I had introduced myself to Don Carlos, and it was a mortifying recollection. I would therefore here merely make an experiment, to present myself with more ease and confidence elsewhere, but that now occurred which held me a long time riveted to my vanity, for there it is in the man that the anchor bites the firmest ground.

"Even the lovely Fanny, who I in this place again encountered, honored me with some notice without recollecting ever to have seen me before; for I now had wit and sense. As I spoke, people listened, and I could not, for the life of me, comprehend myself how I had arrived at the art of maintaining and engrossing so easily the conversation. The impression which I perceived that I had made on the fair one, made of me just what she desired—a fool, and I thenceforward followed her through shade and twilight wherever I could. I was only so far vain that I wished to make her vain of myself, and found it impossible, even with the very best intentions, to force the intoxication from my head to my heart.

"But why relate the whole long ordinary story? there came in truth to her and me, a most peculiar and poetic catastrophe.

"As, according to my wont, I had assembled on a beautiful evening a party in a garden, I wandered with the lady, arm in arm, at some distance from the other guests, and exerted myself to strike out pretty speeches for her. She cast down modestly her eyes, and returned gently the pressure of my hand, when suddenly the moon broke through the clouds behind me, and—she saw only her own shadow thrown forward before her! She started and glanced wildly at me, then again on the earth, seeking my shadow with her eyes, and what passed within her, painted itself so singularly on her countenance, that I should have burst into a loud laugh if it had not itself ran ice-cold over my back.

"I let her fall from my arms in a swoon, shot like an arrow through the terrified guests, reached the door, flung myself into the first chaise which I saw on the stand, and drove back to the city, where this time, to my cost, I had left the circumspect William. He was terrified as he saw me;—one word revealed to him all. Post horses were immediately fetched. I took only one of my people with me, an arrant knave, called Louis, who had contrived to make himself necessary to me by his cleverness; and who could suspect nothing of the present occurrence. That night I left upwards of a hundred miles behind me. William remained behind to discharge my establishment, to pay money and to bring me what I most required. When he overtook me next day, I threw myself into his arms, and swore to him, never again to run into the like folly, but in future to be more cautious. We continued our journey without pause, over the frontiers and the mountains, and it was not till we began to descend and had placed those lofty bulwarks between us and our former unlucky abode, that I allowed myself to be persuaded to rest from the fatigues I had undergone, in a neighboring and little frequented Bathing-place.

[To be Continued.]

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

For the Rural Repository.

A VOYAGE ON THE ATLANTIC.

No. 1.

Remarks—Departure—fine prospect—Divine service at Sea—Sailor's dream—Solar eclipse—first sight of land—fleet at Spithead—arrival.

A TRIP across the Atlantic.—How often do we hear it spoken of in terms of dread, how many would gladly go a shopping in Regent-Street, take a turn in the Boulevards or have a *siesta* in Madrid, but for this—to them impassable barrier the sea with its attendant horrors, of sea-sickness, &c. &c.—

but how is it that those who have been, fear not to go again? It is generally the case—there were but few on board our ship, but who had been before, neither did they escape sea-sickness; there was one old lady in particular, who was making her ninth trip, but still she was not exempt from the common lot.

We left New-York on the 10th of April, and were towed by the steamer as far as Sandy Hook, when she returned, those on board of her, who had accompanied us out, giving us three hearty cheers, which were responded to, but faintly by us.

It being foggy we anchored for the night, at Sandy Hook, but about 8 o'clock in the evening, it cleared up and presented a fine sight to seaward; there was a bank of white fog stretching along the horizon at the water's edge, on which, in strong outline appeared the black masts and tapering spars of the vessels around us while the silver moon-beams were reflected with double brilliancy on the rippling waves; at the same time some Germans were singing a wild, but beautiful air accompanied by a Guitar, which enhanced the beauty of the scene.

The next day we had a fair wind, which carried us half across the Atlantic before it abated, after which we had head winds for some time.

On Sunday the 19th, divine service was performed on the open deck by a minister who was a passenger to Portsmouth; it was a solemn service, the sun shone pleasantly for the first time, during the voyage; with the sky our dome—the winds and waves our choir—and in the immediate presence of Him—

"Who plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm,"

who would refuse to bow the head in acknowledgment of the supremacy of His power, or to unite in the worship of His name?

On Saturday the 25th the Solar Eclipse was visible in the afternoon, being in 29 Degrees West Longitude from Greenwich and 51 Degrees, 29 minutes North Latitude. Towards evening we fell in with a large Shark, he crossed the bows coming within a few feet of the vessel, after passing alongside to the stern, his sharkship left us, satisfied with his survey; he was about twenty feet long and the sailors declared him to be a monster.

I was much interested with the account of a dream given by an old Swedish Sailor, which he related in broken English, but with marked preciseness. "The waters of the sea had fled and disclosed its mighty depths, he was alone in a vast wilderness, there were rocks, vallies and mountains, fathomless abysses, dark and dreadful, covered with slime and the rankling sea weed, gloomy hills loomed in the distance—and all seemed covered with the peculiar vegetation of the deep—no animal form was there—but the wreck of many a gallant barque was visible, as he traveled through the dreary waste; here lay a new ship with her masts and rigging nearly entire, while farther on lay another, on whose remains the heavy hand of time had set its impress, her masts and bowsprit rotted off, and her hull a shapeless mass, half covered with sea plants, and a home for the slinky sea snake and the many monsters of the deep—ships lay in every position, with masts and without, some with the masts rotted off, while others were shapeless masses, showing but the gaping ribs and shattered keel.—Such crude fancies as these often throng the imagination of the mariner, while on his lonely watch,

or nodding away the long night in gloomy forgetfulness.

About 8 o'clock on the evening of the 4th of May we hailed, those long looked-for beacons, the Lizard Lights on the coast of Cornwall, the next morning at 3 o'clock we saw land, and shortly after, a hawk which had been on board for several days, left us and flew for the shore.

In the evening about 7 o'clock we saw the needles, Isle of Wight, and about 11 o'clock we passed Spithead, and as it was a moonlight night, we had a view of the Squadron anchored there, consisting of the St. Vincent, 120 guns, the Trafalgar 120, the Queen 110, the Rodney 92, the Albion 90, the Superb 80, the Vanguard 80, the Raleigh 50, the Brilliant 20, and in the back ground were anchored 5 or 6 large Steam Frigates and Sloops. It is rumored they are to sail on the 13th. We anchored at Gravesend on the 7th, at 9 o'clock, P. M. a few minutes after 4 Custom House officers came on board, to remain till the vessel was unloaded; the next morning we passed Woolwich, Blackwall and Greenwich arriving in London about 12 o'clock, A. M.

We passed, when coming up from the Nore 5 or 6 vessels loaded with troops for foreign parts. An installment of the Chinese Ransom arrived at the Mint on the 6th in 9 wagons, drawn by 4 to 6 horses each, and a cart drawn by two. The treasure was deposited in boxes, and consisted of 56 tons of Gold and Silver; another installment is expected soon.

J. C.

London, Eng. May 11, 1846.

THE BATTLE OF MARENGO.

BY J. T. HEADLEY.

I HAVE been four days on the way to Milan, in order to visit the battle-field of Marengo, which is half a days journey out of the way. I was struck with the care taken of the roads over the Appenines. It is not only smooth, and in excellent order, but men are stationed at certain intervals during the summer months to wet it once a day, to keep the dust down. We should regard this at home an entire waste of labor.

We did not arrive at Marengo in time to visit the field that evening, so passed on to Alexandria, where we stopped over night. This is the strongest fortified inland place I have ever seen. Well manned and provisioned, it would be impossible to take it. The peasantry that come in the morning to sell fruit, are a squalid looking race.

The field of Marengo, is not like most other modern battle grounds, overrun with guides, who tell you some truth and a good deal of fable. It is left undisturbed.—Few visit it, and I found a written description I had in my pocket indispensable. This was one of those battles where Bonaparte, escaped, as by a miracle, utter defeat. The Austrians were full forty thousand strong, while Napoleon could muster but little more than half that number.—Napoleon formed three lines; one in advance of Marengo, at Padre Buona; one at Marengo; and one behind this little hamlet, which indeed consists of scarcely more than half a dozen houses. The first line was under Gardonne, the second under Victor, and the third commanded by Napoleon, in person. It is a broad plain, with nothing to intercept the charge of cavalry for miles, beside scattering trees and huts; with the exception of a narrow, but deep stream, with a miry bottom, that

passes directly in front of Marengo.—Here Victor stood. The Austrian heavy infantry formed in the open field, and came on Gardonne, driving him back on Victor, posted on the other side of the ravine.—The *tirailleurs* of both armies were ranged on opposite sides of this stream, and there, with the muzzles of their pieces almost touching stood and fired into each other's faces and bosom's for two hours. It did not seem possible, that I stood by that stream, so narrow that I could almost leap across it, that two armies could stand for that length of time, so close to each other, and steadily fire at each other. They were but a few rods apart, and the cannon and musketry together swept down whole ranks of living men. At length the indomitable Victor was compelled to retire before such a superior force, and fell back on Lannes who was advancing to meet him. The two formed a second line of defence, but the furious charge of the Austrians drove them back; while General Elsnitz having marched around, attacked him on the right flank, and began to pour squadron after squadron of his splendid cavalry on the retreating columns of Lannes; yet the stern hero immediately formed his troops "en echelon" and retired without confusion.

But the retreat became general, and had the Austrian commander, Melas, pushed the battle here, nothing short of a miracle could have saved Bonaparte from utter ruin. He thought the battle already won, and that it was now only a pursuit, and retired to the rear, weary and exhausted; and no wonder, he was eighty-four years of age. At that moment Dessaix appeared on the field, bringing up the reserve. Dessaix rode up to Bonaparte and said, "I think this must be put down as a battle lost." "I think it is a battle won," replied Napoleon, "push on, and I will rally the line behind you." Riding along the army he had just stayed in its rapid retreat, he said, "Soldiers, we have retired far enough—let us now advance—you know it is my custom to sleep on the field of battle."—At that moment Dessaix led on a fresh column of five thousand grenadiers, but at the first fire he fell dead, shot through the heart. "Alas! it is not permitted me to weep," said Napoleon. "On!" And they did on; sweeping line after line, till the whole army was routed, and the battle became a slaughter. The Austrian cavalry fell back on their own infantry, trampling to death; while the French horse charged like fire over the broken columns. The routed army at length reached the Bormida, and were precipitated down its steep banks till its stream was choked with the bodies of men and horses, rolled by thousands into its purple flood. Bonaparte's star was still in the ascendant.

How changed was the scene as I looked upon it. The herdsman was watching his herd on the quiet plain, and the careless husband-man driving his plough through the earth, once heaped with the dead.—The Bormida looked as if it never had received a slain army in its bosom, nor its bright water been discolored with the blood of men.

"PLEASE to tell me the time of day?" said a little boy entering a grocery. "Twelve o'clock," answered the grocer. The boy immediately returned and asked the same question. "Didn't I just now tell you it was twelve o'clock?" said the man. "Yes sir," replied the boy, "but that was for mother, and this is for another woman."

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE NEW-YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF RICHTER.

An old man stood upon a New-Year's night at the window, and looked with a look of anxious despair out upon the immovable, ever blooming heaven, and down upon the still, pure, white earth, whereon now no one was so joyless and sleepless as himself. Then his grave was near him; it was desolate with the snow of age, not decked with the verdure of youth, and he brought with him from a whole rich life, nothing but errors, sins, and disease, a wasted body, a corroded soul, a breast full of poison and an old age full of repentance. Then the beautiful days of his youth came before him like spectres, and took him back to that bright morning, when his father first placed him on the crossway of life, the right of which is the sunny path of virtue leads into a wide, peaceful land full of light and harvests, and the left in the molepaths of vice goes down into a dark hollow full of down-dropping poison, full of darting serpents, and dark sultry vapor.

Ah! the serpents hung around his breast and the drops of poison were upon his tongue, and he knew now where he was.

Senseless and with unspeakable grief he cried out to Heaven; "Give me my youth again! O father, place me once more upon the crossway, that I may choose the other path!"

But his father and his youth were long since gone. He saw ignis fatuus dance in the marshes, and go out in the grave yard, and he said: "Those are the days of my folly!" He saw a star fall from heaven, and glimmer in its fall, and fade away upon the earth: "That am I," said his bleeding heart, and the snake-teeth of repentance rankled deeper in its wounds.

His heated fancy showed him creeping night-walkers upon the roofs, and the wind-mill raised its arm threatening his destruction, and a skeleton in the charnel house gradually assumed his lineaments. In the midst of the struggle the music for the new-year came suddenly down from the tower, like a distant church song. He was gently moved. He looked out upon the horizon and over the wide earth and he thought of the friends of his youth, who now, happier and better than himself, were teachers upon the earth, fathers of happy children and blessed men and he said; "O I could also, like you, slumber away this first night with tearless eyes, had I wished!—Ah, I could be happy, yet dear parents, had I fulfilled your new-year's wishes and instructions!"

In the feverish remembrance of the days of his youth it seemed to him, as if the skeleton raised itself up with his features, in the charnel house; and at length through the superstition which upon a new-years night sees spirits and looks into futurity it became a living youth, who in the posture of a beautiful young man drew a thorn from his head and his former blooming countenance was bitterly distorted.

He could behold it no longer;—he veiled his eyes;—a thousand hot tears gushed forth sinking into the snow;—comfortless and senseless he only sighed; "come again, youth, come again!"

And it came again; just as he had only dreamed so fearfully upon this new-year's night. He was

yet a young man; only his errors had been no dream. But he thanked God, that while yet young, he could turn about in the smutty ways of vice, and betake himself to the sunny path which leads to the pure land of harvests.

Turn with him young man, if you are on his erroneous way! This frightful dream will one day become thy judge; but when full of misery you shall exclaim; come again, delightful youth!—then it will not come again. Srow.

Clarksville, N. Y. 1846.

MISCELLANY.

BEWARE OF AN IDLER.

A HUNGRY wolf is not more dangerous to a flock of sheep, nor a cat to a mouse, than an idle man is to the industry of a neighborhood.

A pleasant story is told of a fellow who went into a town market, and placing himself in the centre thereof, that he might be seen by the butchers, began to gape wide his jaws, and yawn in a formal manner, when, (so great is the power of sympathy) the whole of the butchers, as they stood at their shambles, began to gape and yawn in conceit.

The tale, whether true or false, is explanatory of the influence of an idler on those within his sphere. The industrious citizen, who views his neighbor lolling indolently on his premises, begins immediately to draw envious comparisons. "Behold!"—said he, "mine is a life of labor and toil; I toil and I sweat; but yonder man, who is not richer than I am, pleasantly passes away his time, puffing the care and inquietudes of the world from him with the smoke of a cigar, or an old pipe; I will go and do likewise."

Foolish man, thou had better not.

In the midst of the summer, when the meridian rays of the sun oppress by their intense heat the animal creation, who is there who has not experienced the attractive power of an idler as he loiters in the shade? "Lo!" cries one "there is Zachariah, seated under the shadow of yonder building; doubtless it is a cool and refreshing place; come, let us go and sit with Zachariah." Friend, if thou valuest life, thou hast better mind thy business; and pursue an object more estimable than pleasure and ease; something that is profitable to thyself, to thy family, thy friends, or the public.

Attracting, by his evil example, a circle of disciples around him, the idler becomes an important personage. He is the instrument of vice, and worketh wonders. The group whom the evil influence of his indolence hath collected together, amuse themselves with trifles; serious and weighty topics of discourse are too burdensome for their minds; quibs, cranks and legends are only palatable. When the chief idler hath forced himself upon the portico, Nathan the carpenter espying him, leaveth his work and hies to him, just to have a little chat; then comes David the smith; and Ephraim the hatter; and Barnaby the scribe; the tale passeth round, and every one is merry. Meanwhile, the sun journeyeth to the west, and the work of Nathan, and David, and Ephraim, and Barnaby, is neglected; and when called for, is unfinished. Verily if they continue under the enchantment of the idler, poverty will over take them, and a jail will be their reward.

The idler is generally mischievous; he plays off tricks, and is always contriving stratagems, to render some one ridiculous, in order that he may have a subject for merriment. He gathereth on his

memory the tattle of the day, and retaileth it in scraps to regale his companions. A joke is his supreme delight, and ribaldry his highest diversion.

Wherever these idlers abound, health, wealth, and virtuous morals decay. Their gatherings corrupt youth, and lead very often to drunkenness. Full many a promising citizen has fallen a prey to the vicious practices of an idler.

Beware of him, therefore, for his is the road to poverty, and the path that leadeth to misery.

But think not, my brethren, that I am foe to recreation. Oh no. It is salutary to the sons of industry. There are times and seasons for pleasure and pastime, which should not be neglected. It is wholesome to the mind as well as to the body, to indulge them occasionally in a decorous playfulness and innocent diversion.

A MILK STORY.

The following good story was told us yesterday by a friend who is cognizant of the facts. A milkman of this city was accosted on the morning of the first of January by one of his negroes. Bill had charge of the cows, and coming up with one hand on his woolly top-knot and describing a semi-circular line with his right leg, the following dialogue ensued:

"Massa, new-year's gif for dis child, if you please."

"Well, Bill, here's a dollar for you."

"Thanky sah, dis will do for me, but de cows, Massa, dey want new-year's gif too—what must give dem?"

"Well, Bill, you may give them a sheaf of oats each; and mind you give the cow that gives the most milk two sheaves."

"Yes, massa, I'll do dat berry ting. I'll gib de best cow two sheaves—dat am fair, any how."

With that, Bill made his exit, dancing a double shuffle to the tune of "Shinbone Alley" and evidently highly delighted with the idea of bestowing a proper reward, by way of encouragement, upon the most meritorious of his milking charge.

"Hallo, Bill, did you give the two sheaves to the best cow?"

"Yes, Massa, I give um to um."

"Very well—but hallo, what are those two bundles doing in the pump?"

"Why good Lord, Massa, don't you know berry well dat him ar de ole cow dat gibs de most milk?"

"What, the pump give milk, you black scoundrel?"

"To be sure him does, Massa, don't we milk um ebry morning? He don't gib de white milk, but him gib de blue milk plenty, so me gib him two bundles ya!—ya!—ya!—O'e!"—*Louisville Dem.*

A WOMAN'S ADVANTAGES.

A woman may say what she likes to you without the risk of getting knocked down for it.

She can take a snooze after dinner, while her husband has to go to work.

She can dress herself in neat and tidy calicoes for a dollar, while a man has to fork over at least forty to get a respectable suit.

She can go forth into the streets without being invited to treat at every coffee house.

She can paint her face if too pale, or flour if it be too red.

She can stay at home in time of war, and wed again if her husband is killed.

She can wear corsets if too thick, other "fixens" if too thin.

She can eat, drink and be merry, without its costing her a penny.

She can run in debt, and make her husband pony up the cash.

And she can wear shoes, while her husband has to tug to get his boots on.

MAN'S ADVANTAGES.

BY QUADS.

A MAN may say what he likes of his neighbors, without being called a gossip for it.

He can enjoy a cigar after dinner, while his wife has to wash the dishes.

He can go on a "bust" and spend "that dollar" and his wife may go without the "dry goods."

He can go into the streets without being suspected of spinning "street yarn"

He can "brandy" his face if too pale, or "gin" it if to red.

He can go to war and escape "Caudleizing."

He can get the dyspepsy if too thick, and drink porter and eat "chicken fixins" if too thin.

He can eat, drink and be merry, and then go home and blow up his wife for being so "darnation expensive."

And he can run in debt and then run away getting rid of his wife and his debts at the same time.

THE BRAVE OFFICER.

A MAN in Pennsylvania, who, on account of his silliness, had been elected a Lieutenant in the militia, felt his pride and ambition mightily tickled by the promotion. He took a musket and went up stairs, in order to exercise himself in his new calling. Arrived on the second floor, he placed himself in a military position, and then gave the word of command. "Attention! Shoulder Arms! Hind column three paces backwards—March!" At the latter part of the command, the brave officer unfortunately stepped a little too far, and tumbled with a terrible noise backwards down stairs. His good woman hastily came running, and asked, "What in the world he was a doing?" "Go about your business," replied the hero, rising from the floor, "for you don't know even a smite of military matters."

SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

"HAVE you been a good boy, and learned your lesson?"

"Ye sur."

"Alexander, who was the strongest man?"

"Old black Cato, that lives in the Pine Woods—you can smell him a mile."

"What does the minister tell you when you go to church?"

"He tells us how they are going to take up a collection."

"Of what fruit is cider made?"

"Don't know, sir."

"What a stupid boy! What did you get when robbed widow Case's orchard?"

"I got a licking, sir."

SCRAPS FOR THE CURIOUS.

If a tallow candle be placed in a gun, and shot at a door, it will go through without sustaining any injury; and if a musket ball be fired into the water it will not only rebound, but be flattened as if fired against a solid substance. A musket may be fired through a pane of glass, making a hole the size of

the ball without cracking the glass; if suspended by a thread it will make no difference, and the thread will not even vibrate. Cork, if sunk 200 feet in the ocean, will not rise on account of the pressure of the water. In the arctic regions, when the thermometer, is below zero, persons can converse more than a mile distant. Dr. Jamieson asserts that he heard every word of a sermon at the distance of two miles.

SUNDAY SIDEWALKS.

AN aged, good humored "sucker," who had fell among jovial friends on Friday night, or met with luck on Saturday morning, "took a spread" on the slippery pavement yesterday, at a very early hour, and the "corn juice" he had imbibed was so powerful, or the pavement so *ilely*, that every attempt he made to attain a perpendicular, only weakened his powers and excited his wrath.

"Consarn the paving stuns," muttered he, "that ain't gitting along on 'em!" and away he'd go, sprawling!

"Try it over again, old fellow," advised a looker on.

"Taint no use," answered he, "I fell over the cursed things last night, 'cause I couldn't see 'em."

"Take a fresh start," said his friend, "and you'll walk over the town easy."

After getting once more upright, he pulled his hat from over his eyes, looking his sympathiser in the face, and coolly remarked:—

"It is my opinion, stranger, that when city people git to *polishin'* their paven' stuns for Sunday, that they're growin' a leetle too darned proud!"—*St. Louis Reveille.*

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR.—"Pray, Madam," said a young, romantic-looking gentleman, addressing the daughter of one of our booksellers yesterday, whom her father had deputed to stop in the store just while he went next door—an amiable creature, about the age of sweet sixteen—"pray, Madam," he said, "may I ask if you have Ten Thousand a Year?" "No, sir," she sweetly but simply replied, letting her finely-fringed eyelids fall; "no, sir, but father says he'll settle the house in Magazine street on me; that, though, aint worth more than two thousand a year!" The young book-buyer had like to die a larfin, as Sam Slick says.

KEAN'S LEARNING.—When Kean first appeared many contradictory reports were abroad respecting his education, and a Mr. C——, resolved to put it to the test, wrote to him, one morning, a note in Latin, requesting some tickets for his benefit. "Well," said C——, "and how did he construe it?" "Into an insult," was the reply. The same gentleman, who was always a warm partisan of Kean's academic deficiencies, exclaimed, surely a man may have drank at the well of learning without being expected to swallow the bucket!"

A CABINET maker having made a table for a customer, who did not come after it for several years, thus addressed him when at last he applied for it. "Sir you are the most *un-com-for-table* customer I have ever had!"

It is better to be above an enemy than even with him; he that revengeth, is but even with him; he that pardoneth, is above him.

A WOMAN'S heart is the only true Daguerreotype plate for a man's likeness.—An instant ray of the soul's sunshine gives the *impression*, and an age of sorrow and change cannot efface it.

Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1846.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We publish this week the first of a series of letters from Europe. The author is a young gentleman of this city that is traveling in that country, and will continue to favor us with his epistles until his return. We would also call the attention of our readers to the "Magic Purse," they will find it a story of deep and thrilling interest delineating the passions of the human heart in a masterly manner. To our other correspondents we return our sincere thanks for their many valuable contributions and congratulate them in their rapid march to distinction in the literary world and hope for a continuation of their favors.

POST MASTERS.

We hear complaints from many of our subscribers of the great freedom Post Masters take with their papers. That they are taken from their wrappers and read and given to some person who never returns them. This is a free country, but this kind of freedom is detestable. If we hear again from certain sources we shall expose those engaged in it.

THE BERKSHIRE COURIER.—This paper published at Great Barrington, Mass. and which has recently been enlarged, came to us last week with the name of C. W. BRYAN, late of this city, as Editor. Mr. Bryan, has for some time been a contributor to our columns, and though young, his productions bear the impress of a talented and cultivated mind. We wish him success in his new undertaking, and we hope he may receive a good support from the people among whom he has located, which we believe he merits.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

N. W. D. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; B. W. West Berkshire, Vt. \$1.00; D. P. C. Saengerfield, N. Y. \$1.00; T. P. A. Coventry, N. Y. \$1.00; A. B. T. Oxford, Ct. \$1.00; J. B. R. Cobleskill Centre, N. Y. \$2.00; Mrs. E. T. Pulver's Corners, N. Y. \$1.00; F. A. K. Lexington, N. C. \$1.00; J. McA. Amloyer, N. Y. \$1.00; A. V. S. Eatonville, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. L. Prompton, Pa. \$1.00; J. V. V. Cortland Village, N. Y. \$1.00.



BOUND
In Hymen's sniken bands.

In this city, on the 16th inst. by the Rev. I. H. Tuttle, Mr. Wm. H. Caldwell, to Miss Elizabeth G. eldest daughter of Henry O. Lowndes.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Church, Mr. William H. Seymour, of Penn Yan, N. Y. to Miss Harriet C. Pratt, of this city.

We earnestly pray that this life will to each,
Be bright as the tints of the rainbow above,
And naught but true comfort their fire-side reach,
Where all shall be sacred to friendship and love.

On the 15th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle, Mr. Cornelius Wyckoff, of New-York, to Miss Ann Burnett, of this city.

In Claverack, on the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Boyce, Mr. John Coon, of Taghkanic, to Miss Catharine Eselstyne, of Claverack.

In Poughkeepsie, on the 1st inst. by the Rev. Charles Van Loon, Mr. Z. F. Craver, of Hudson, to Miss Harriet E. daughter of Dr. A. Gardner, of Poughkeepsie.

At New Hartford Conn. on the 27th ult. by the Rev. Alexander Leadbetter, Francis N. Holley, of Wolcottville, Conn. eldest son of Newman Holley, Esq. of Salisbury, Litchfield Co. Conn. to Miss Eliza A. Hotchkiss of the former place.

At Claverack, on the 6th inst. by Edward Gernon, Esq. Mr. John P. McArthur, to Miss Amanda Sanders, both of Salisbury, Conn.



LOOSED
From the fetters of Earth.

In this city, on the 17th inst. Robert Norman Keeney, in the 15th year of his age.

In Chatham, on the 26th ult. Mrs. Lucy Cady, widow of the late Ebenezer J. Cady, in the 63d year of her age.

At New-York, on the 3d inst. David Lawrence, son of Henry and Maria Van Every, aged 1 year.

In Kinderhook, on the 4th inst. Charity Ann, wife of Levi Dederick, and daughter of Adam A. Hoysradt, in the 21st year of her age.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

"MY HEART IS LIKE A BROKEN LUTE."

BY CATHARINE WEBB BARBER.

THIS pretty sentiment Botanists have attached to the Mimosa, (*Mimosa sensitiva*) the leaves of which contract when brought into contact with other substances.

My heart was like some warbling bird, amid the summer flowers
A fount of gladness sparkled there, through all sweet childhood's hours,

But O! I've drunk of bitter cups—I've plucked forbidden fruit,
And now the heart which erst was glad, "is like a broken lute."

I'm dying sister!—bring the plant, I've nourished with most care,
That flower whose leaves shrink from the touch of all however fair—

I've sinned, but O! sweet sister dear, speak not in harsh rebuke,
For like that plant I'm withering fast—"my heart's a broken lute!"

Bring too my bird—I soon shall lie in deep and dreamless rest—
One sentence teach it when I'm gone, to say whene'er enquired;
Let it be taught to speak my name—I would not have it mute;
And let it too be learned to say "her heart's a broken lute."

It hath been tuned to gladness oft—it now will yield no sound—
Its cords have one by one been snapped, by sorrows most profound;

O sister hold my dying head, and wipe my fading eyes,
The weary one will soon have rest, the erring wanderer dies.

O, smooth the turf above my head, and plant Mimosa there!
I would the floweret I loved best, should load with sweet the air;

"Twill say to those who chance to tread, above my ashes mute
"Weep not for her, her heart at best, was like some broken lute."

Columbus, Ga. 1846.

For the Rural Repository.

THE ADVENT OF JESUS.

BY REV. E. W. REYNOLDS.

FROM Heaven he came—a stem from Jesse's rod—
The Prince of Peace—anointed son of God!
The righteous One, foretold by ancient seers,
Gifted with power to dry all human tears!
Deliverer, to sever bars and chains
That bind the souls; where gloomy Error reigns
To pour a flood of light, and to illumine
Man's downward passage to the silent tomb!

Lo! Bethlehem's vale received the holy child!
Within a manger saw the light and smiled,
The son of God! Within no palace grand,
Where monarch reign and issue stern command,
Infant Messiah lay. No gaudy crown
Sat on his mother's brow, as stooping down,
With eyes that beamed parental tenderness,
She first imprinted on his cheek a kiss—
A mother's kiss, warm with her early love—
Fit emblem of that purity which reigns above.

No banquet hall is thronged for Salem's king,
For nobler far is the heart's offering:
(No sublunary honors can atone
For pure devotion paid to God alone.)
Nobler than all the glory earth can give,
Vouchsafed by Heaven, Messiah did receive—
Honored far more upon his couch of straw,
Than Europe's princess 'round whom millions draw!

The night-clouds hang their mantle in the sky,
And gentle winds sing a soft lullaby,
As herdsmen, worn with toil their vigils keep,
To guard their flocks, forbidden now to sleep,
And pine perchance beneath the victor's yoke,
And heaven implore to speed the vengeful stroke,
That Hope hath whispered yet shall strike the chain,
And Israel stand a victor on her plain.

Hark! from yon viewless realms 'mid distant spheres,
A sound breaks forth unheard in other years!
Sweet, heavenly music floats upon the air,
For Zion's holy minstrels now are there!
Jehovah's majesty illumines the vale,
Before whose glory e'en the stars grow pale;
And the fair Queen of Night withdraws her face,
And moves along with deviating pace!

List, earth, with all thy busy millions, list:
Ocean, with cruising thousands on thy breast;
Space, by naught but burning planets trod;
Heaven echoing with the praises of its God!
"Fear not!" the welkin glows, the blue arch rings!
Deep inspiration burns on each harp's strings!
Good tidings do I bring for all beneath,
Where long hath hovered o'er the wings of death;
Great joy to spread abroad, without controul,
To light the darkened chambers of the soul.

Java Village, N. Y. 1846.

ON THE DEATH OF MAJ. RINGGOLD.

BY EDWARD H. DAVIS.

Oh! heard ye that shout? "We have conquered the foe!"
How it rings and re-echoes o'er mountain and plain!
But, alas! with it mingles the sad note of woe—
A hero is perished; brave Ringgold is slain!

They have laid him to rest on a far distant shore
Where the Rio del Norte in its majesty flows,
And millions of freemen his loss will deplore
And weep o'er the spot where his ashes repose.

Though dimmed is the eye of the hero forever,
And hushed is his voice in the stillness of death,
His spirit will hover around those who never
Deserted their leader till life's latest breath.

When round them, like hail, the death storm shall rattle,
And the war-cloud in darkness envelopes the plain,
His voice will be heard o'er the din of the battle,
Till victory perch on their banners again.

His name shall live on when the struggle shall have ceased
And "grim-visaged war" from our borders has flown,
When the area of freedom has so far increased,
That its bounds can be traced on the ocean alone.
Philadelphia, May 26, 1846.

COLUMBIA'S SHIPS.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE ships from young Columbia's shore,
As fleet they are, and free,
As those from haughtier realms that boast
Dominion o'er the sea—
As gallantly their banners float
As keen their lightnings fly,
And braver hearts than theirs are found
To beat not 'neath the sky.

White as the glancing sea bird's wing,
Their swelling sails expand,
Beside the bright Aegean isles,
Or green Formosa's strand;
Or where the sparse Norwegian pine
A sudden summer shares,
Or Terra del Fuego's torch
Amid the tempest glares.

Unmoved their trackless course they hold
Though vengeful Borias roars,
And make their port on stranger coasts,
Or undiscovered shores.
Rude people of a foreign speech
Have learned their cheering cry,
"Land ho! aloft and bear a hand,"
Are the ready tar's reply.

From zone to zone—from pole to pole,
Where'er in swift career,
The venturesome path explores
Our Yankee sailors steer;
The white bear on his fields of ice,
Has seen his signals tossed—
And the great whale, old Ocean's king,
Doth know them to his cost.

The spices from the Indian Isles,
The plant of China's care,

The enne's sweet blood from tropic climes
Their merchant vessels bear.
Wherever Commerce points his wand,
They mount the crested waves,
And link together every sea
The rolling globe that laves.

Still nearest to the Antarctic gate,
Our daring seamen press,
Where storm-wrapt Nature thought to dwell
In hermit loneliness:
"Whose masts are those so white with frost
Where fearful icebergs shine?"
My country from her watch-tower looked
And answered—"They are mine!"

Columbia's Ships! with dauntless prow
The tossing deep they tread;
The pirates of the Lybian sands
Have felt the prowess dread:
And British Lion's lordly mane
Their victor might confessed,
For well their nation's faith and pride
They guard on Ocean's breast.

When strong oppressions fiercely frown,
Her eagle rears his crest,
And means no bird of air shall pluck
His pinions on his breast;
And brighter on the threatening cloud
Gleam out her stars of gold,
Huzza! for young Columbia's Ships,
And for her seamen bold.

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Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1845